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Good Night.

A SONG.

Good night, my love, good night.
The twinkling stars are peeping from the cloudless sky,
And on the dewy earth the silver moonbeams lie;
The sweet, sad time now comes when I must say good-by.
Good night, my love, good night.

Good night, my love, good night.
Oh! softly on thy pillow may thy pure cheek rest,
And angels grant no shadows cross thy sinless breast;
Thy sleep be sweet, thy dreams of him who loves thee best.
Good night, my love, good night.

His Own Medicine.

Dr. and Mrs. Morton had finished tiffin, and were discussing some private theatricals, which, followed by a ball, were to take place that evening at the mess-house of the - - th. The subject was a delicate one, for on it they held decided, but unfortunately divided opinions. The doctor had a prejudice against such things, and, though in most respects very indulgent to his pretty little wife, objected to her attending them. She, however, was bent on doing so.

"You know, dear, that it is the very last of the season, and every one will be there."

"And you know my rooted objection to these entertainments, Ada, why do you urge me?"

"Then when shall I ever have an opportunity of showing off that lovely pink and silver cloak you got from Madras on my birthday?" pouted the young wife.

"Ah, that is a deeply important matter!" laughed the doctor. "We must see if we can't get up a dance in our bungalow, little woman," continued he somewhat inconsequently.

"But that won't be a ball and theatricals to-night; and by that time Daddahbhoy, Rumanagee and the other Parsees will have their shops filled with the new-fashioned cloak, while as yet mine is the only one of the cantonment. I really do think, William, you might let me go. I am sure I sit patiently enough through those solemn dinners and scientific reunions of which you are so fond."

"Well, well, as it is the very last of the season, I suppose I must be amiable for once; but—"

"Oh, that's a dear, good, disagreeable old thing!" said his wife, giving him a kiss; and without waiting to hear more, in a flutter of delight she left the room.

When left to himself the doctor pondered their late conversation, and left by no means satisfied with his share in it. Still, having consented, he determined to do so with a good grace, and, on Mrs. Morton presently re-entering to look for something, he said, "By the way, dear, when shall I order the palanquin for you?"

Still continuing her search she replied rather absently, "Oh, any time, I shall only want it returning; the Hills will call for me going."

Dr. Morton was taken aback.

"So," he exclaimed, "you had arranged to go with—or without—my consent!"

With a little start, she answered somewhat confusedly, "Well, I thought you would be sure to give me leave, William, and- -"

"As you have chosen to act so wholly independently," interrupted her husband, angrily, "I withdraw the consent I so unwittingly gave. The house shall be closed at the usual hour, and if you do not happen to be at home at 11 o'clock, we do not sleep under the same roof this night." And in high displeasure Dr. Morton left the house; nor did he return for more than a couple of hours, during which his mood had more than once changed. The first irritation over, he felt that it was hard upon his pet to deny her the pleasure to which but the moment before he had assented. How would he bear to spend the long evening opposite that disappointed, wistful little face? It began, too, to dawn upon him that "the whole cantonment"—which in India, where private life is more distinctly public property than in any other corner of the world, stands for our esteemed old friend, Mrs. Grundy—might, as has ever been its wont, put an unkind construction on motives it did not understand; might hint that he was not so much standing by his principles—which in fact, he had yielded—as avenging his own offended dignity. The result of all which cogitation was that if, on his return home, he should find that she had accepted both disappointment and rebuke in a proper spirit, much, indeed all, dependent on that—she should go with their friends to the ball; or even in the probable event of their having already called, he would show his magnanimity by taking her himself. Just then a carriage drove swiftly past his; he recognized it to be the Hills's, and in it—could he credit his senses?—all radiant with smiles, wrapped in her new cloak, sat his wife, who, in merry defiance, kissed her hands to him as they passed.

Both ball and theatricals were delightful, and none enjoyed them more than the volatile and fascinating Mrs. Morton. In the gayety of her spirits she confided to one after another of her dearest friends her husband's threat; and to one or two who expressed some fear that he might carry it out she laughingly replied that she did not think that that would be at all likely; but in the event of anything so improbable, she had still her palanquin, in which she could rest till gun-fire, when, of course, the house would be opened.

I am told that nowadays palanquins are in as little request in India as sedan chairs in England; but in Dr. and Mrs. Morton's time—for know, O reader, that my story is founded on fact—they were, except in the evening drive, the most general mode of carriage. In the veranda of every house one or more might always be seen, with their bearers at hand, ready for instant service by day or by night.

It was past 2 o'clock when Dr. Morton heard, coming down the compound, the moaning monotonous cry of the bearers who carried their mistress to her home. Placing the palanquin in the veranda, they called loudly for admission, striking the door with their hands, in no small wonder that it had not, as usual, been thrown wide at their approach. Expectation of the coming triumph had driven sleep from his pillow; and he now turned his head with a grim smile, for his revenge was at hand—the little rebel should learn a lesson never to be forgotten.

To the bearers' voices was soon added that of their mistress's; indignantly, entreatingly, coaxingly she called in turn. She reminded her husband that their veranda was overlooked from the road "Let me in, I beg, I entreat of you, William. It will be gun fire in a couple of hours, and if seen here I shall be the laughing-stock of the whole station. O William, dear, do let me in!"

To which her husband answered sternly, "We shall not rest under the same roof this night;" and he chuckled to himself, for he only intended to keep her waiting a few minutes.

For a moment Mrs. Morton seemed irresolute; then having said a few words to the head bearer, she cried aloud in a passionate burst of sobs, "I will sooner die than submit to such humiliation;" and, followed by her servants, she rushed away.

There was a long wailing cry—a shriek—a heavy splash. Good heavens! could it be—could it be possible that his impetuous wife had thrown herself into the well? Hark to those wild cries as the bearers run hither and thither with loud exclamations and calls for help. Paralyzed with fear, the husband could with difficulty open the door; then rushing out he would have flung himself into the still rippling water, in a mad attempt at rescue, had not a bearer hung upon his arm, as, in broken English, he tried to explain that his mistress was safe.

"Then where is she? What is all this row about? Who has fallen in? What are you all yelling for?"

"For Mem Sahib tell, 'throw big stone down well;' then too much bobbery make; run this way, that way—plenty great tamasha. Mem Sahib make big cry, then Mem run away.'

Dr. Morton knew himself outwitted, for doubtless his wife had taken advantage of the door she had thus succeeded in opening. Ah, well, though vexed at the trick, he was by no means sorry that the conflict was at an end, and that they should both pass what remained of the night in peaceful rest. He dismissed the bearers, and returned to the house, but to find it shut! the door was closed, and obstinately resisted all efforts to open it; while a voice from the window from which he had himself so lately spoken, said "We shall not sleep under the same roof this night." The doctor, with an uneasy laugh, first treated the situation as a silly joke, then expostulated, then stormed; but all without avail or even notice. He called to the ayah to open the door; but her answer was that she was locked in Mem's room, and Mem had the key under her pillow. He stamped at first with anger, but soon with cold, for his night pyjamas offered slight protection against the chill morning air. At length seeing the palanquin, he got into it. The lovely cloak was lying on the cushions; he drew the hood over his head, its delicate hues in striking contrast to his sunburned face and disheveled hair and dragging it round his broad shoulders with an angry tug, settled himself to sleep.

The gun had fired, the "assembly" sounded, but still the doctor slept on. Nor was he roused by the sound of horses' hoofs, as a bevy of ladies, unescorted except by servants, rode up to the door. They would be joined in their ride by their husbands after parade; and then, after a final round of the course, assemble at the house of one other of their party to chota-hazzarie and a lively discussion of absent friends.

In much surprise they waited a minute or so before the closed and silent house; then, with significant glances, one after another slid from her saddle, determined to solve the mystery. Ah, there it is! A little corner of the cloak worn the night before by Mrs. Morton peeped out of the closed door of the palanquin; 'twas evident that the poor little thing had been obliged to seek that shelter. "What a shame!" They would speak to her, they would comfort her, and oh, what a laugh they would have against her! They grouped themselves round the palanquin, bending low to peer in; and one on either side drew back the sliding doors as—gracious!—Dr. Morton, still half asleep, slowly opened his eyes. Most effectually was he wakened by the startling exclamation with which the visitors hastily retreated to their horses, which they were just in the act of mounting as the door was thrown open, and Mrs. Morton appeared in her riding-habit. They immediately rode away, to the infinite satisfaction of the recumbent but impatient doctor, who was in mortal fear that fresh complications might arise through his unexplained absence from duty bringing message of inquiry.

At the meeting of husband and wife we would rather not play fly in the corner, but take for granted that there was the usual amount of tears, recrimination and hysterics, in which—for this occasion only—a torn and crumpled fabric of pink and silver took an active part; the sight of i from time to time stimulating Mrs Morton's grief and eloquence, while her husband, who, smarting the expose of the morning, had entered on the fray with unusual spirit, soon found himself vanquished, limp and utterly dismayed, as his own inconsistent, tyrannical and selfish conduct was contrasted—not for the first time—with the patient endurance of his long-suffering wife.

Neither of this nor of the reconciliation that followed in natural sequence, shall we make record; but we must of the pleasing fact that, at the very next concert, Mrs. Morton, leaning on her husband's arm, appeared in most excellent spirits, her cloak, this time of amber and gold, being admired by all beholders.—*London Society.*

Sago and Tapioca.

Sago and tapioca differ in value materially, as was shown recently in a lawsuit between merchants of the Pacific coast. The difference is explained in the plants and in the cost of production. The sago tree is a palm, twenty-five feet high. It grows in the marshes of Singapore and elsewhere in China, where plantations of one thousand acres are often seen. A sago palm is not ripe for its first and only harvest till fifteen years from the planting. Its diameter is then some twenty inches. The harvester works on a shifting plank in the swamp, and fells the tree close to the ground. The bark being removed the body of the tree consists of soft pith, which is broken and ground in water while the pulp is being stirred. Transferred to a vat, the starch is precipitated and the water drawn off, after which the starch is dried and ground into the sago flour of commerce. Chinese tapioca differs essentially. The plant grows fifteen feet high, and fruits in two years; otherwise it is not unlike the potato. Every motion is the same as in the potato field. Grasping the plant its huge bunch of massive roots is shaken and taken to mill, where, being washed and stripped by machinery, the tapioca of commerce is made as sago is precisely.

Space in the Universe.

The nearest of the fixed stars is twenty trillions (20,000,000,000,000) of miles distant from us. The next in distance is four times farther removed. If we attempt to fix an average distance for the surrounding group of fixed stars nearest our system, we could not safely give it a radius of less than four hundred trillions of miles. Yet what does this involve? Light, which reaches us from the sun in eight and a half minutes, would take seventy years in its journey across this vast domain of space. If the volume of space included within our solar system were occupied with one huge sphere of 5,600,000,000 miles diameter, even such a mighty mass would be but as a floating feather in the marvelous spread of empty space surrounding. This space would contain twenty-seven hundred trillions of such spheres, and would contain the material contents of our solar system a number of times indicated by the figure 5 with twenty-two ciphers annexed.

RELIGIOUS.

Those who would let anything take the place of Christianity, must first abolish all sorrow from the earth.

Be as a little child. Children have no cares; all is managed for them, and they rest safe and happy in their father's care.

We must choose between the romance of man and the mysteries of God. God only reveals himself through many a veil, but those veils are not falsehoods.

The apostle John did not believe in divorces for religion's sake. When he baptized Chrysippa, the wife of the governor of Patmos (says Prochorus), she would have forsaken her unbelieving husband at once; but the aged apostle told her it must not be. He had a commission, he said, to join her to Christ, but none to separate her from her husband, and he commanded her to return to her house again.

Life is of worth only as we men and women witness for something. Protoplasm is a high type of life compared to the man who lives only for self. Smaller than an atom is the man who finds center and circumference in self. Less than a cipher in value is the soul that stands alone, and finds no great principle or truth as a unit alongside which to place itself. The coil of wire stretched across a state becomes the highway of thought when it yields to electricity; a man becomes the medium of God's thought when insulated from the world, and witnessing for Christ.

Be Calm.

Life is to a great extent what we make it, and no life is set to sweet music all along its path. How much better, then, to take it just as we find it—the bitter with the sweet, the disagreeable with the agreeable, the sunshine with the shadow, accepting whatsoever comes, cheerfully or uncomplainingly, doing what we have to do faithfully. It is hard to be calm and gentle when surrounded by bitterness and ill-temper, to be sweet and serene when others are rude and fretful, to be bright and sunny in an atmosphere of gloom, to be composed when people rebuff and annoy us; but if our lives are hid in Christ, and his love controls us, it is not so difficult after all; and though the Red seas may be numerous, and the waters of Marah very bitter oftentimes, surely God's greatness shall flow around our incompleteness, and we be raised above the petty cares and trials of earthly existence, till Elim having been gained, we can abide there safely with the promised land in view.

Modern Changes.

It was a startling expression, but quite consistent with what is becoming a very common sentiment of the imagined superiority of modern enlightment over what we have so long reverenced as divine revelation, which we noticed in the conclusion of a tribute paid by a correspondent of one of our most influential daily papers to a gentleman recently deceased. After depicting a character of remarkable beauty, in certain mentioned respects, the writer added that such a man "scarcely needed to be born again." Whether the writer meant to imply that this superior young person was probably never born again, but that it was no loss to him; or that he probably had been, but that it was unnecessary to such a man,—we need not inquire. But when we remember who it was that said, "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God," we cannot but wonder at the moral daring which the utterance of such a thought implies.—*Watchman.*

How to Pray.

Our insufficiency to pray aright is two-fold, embracing both what to pray for, and how to pray. An inspired writer says, "We know not what we should pray for as we ought." In other words, as the passage in its connection teaches, we do not know how to pray except we are assisted by the Holy Spirit. Another inspired penman says, "Ye ask and receive not, because ye ask amiss." It is not all manner of prayer that is availing, and we cannot be too deeply impressed with the consideration that there is a right and a wrong way of praying. To pray effectually we must pray "as we ought." To pray "as we ought" includes fixedness and engagedness of heart. Roving thoughts and listless feelings are among the greatest hinderances to be overcome. There are very few who have not attempted, seemingly in vain, to have the thoughts confined to the words of prayer, when in spite of all endeavors to the contrary they have wandered hither and thither, as if mocking all control. It is well if in these painful experiences, the need of divine assistance in prayer is suitably realized.

HIS LAST COURT.

A Story of the Sternest Judge that Arkansas Ever Had.

Old Judge Grepson, a justice of peace, was never known to smile. He came to Arkansas years ago, and year after year, by the will of the voters, he held his place as magistrate. The lawyers who practiced in his court never joked with him, because every one soon learned that the old man never engaged in levity. Every morning, no matter how bad the weather might be, the old man took his place behind the bar, which, with his own hands, he had made, and every evening just at a certain time he closed his books and went home. No man ever engaged him in private conversation, because he would talk to no one. No one ever went to his home, a little cottage among the trees in the city's outskirts, because he had never shown a disposition to make welcome the visits of those who lived even in the immediate vicinity. His office was not given him through the influence of "electioneering," because he never asked any man for his vote. He was first elected because, having once been summoned in a case of arbitration, he exhibited the executive side of such a legal mind that the people nominated and elected him. He soon gained the name of the "Hard Justice," and every lawyer in Arkansas referred to his decisions. His rulings were never reversed by the higher courts. He showed no sentiment in decision. He stood upon the platform of a law which he had made a study, and no man disputed him.

Recently a woman charged with misdemeanor was arraigned before him. "The old man seems more than ever unsteady," remarked a lawyer, as the magistrate took his seat. "I don't see how a man so old can stand the vexations of a court much longer."

"I am not well to-day," said the judge, turning to the lawyers, "and any cases that you may have you will pleased despatch them to the best, and, let me add, quickest of your ability."

Everyone saw that the old man was unusually feeble, and no one thought of a scheme to prolong a discussion, for all the lawyers had learned to reverence him.

"Is this the woman?" asked the judge. "Who is defending her?"

"I have no defense, your honor," the woman replied. "In fact, I do not think that I need any, for I am here to confess my guilt. No man can defend me," and she looked at the magistrate with a curious gaze. "I have been arrested on a charge of disturbing the peace, and I'm willing to submit my case. I am dying of consumption, judge, and I know that any ruling made by law can have but little effect on me;" and she coughed a hollow, hacking cough, and drew around her an old black shawl that she wore. The expression on the face of the magistrate remained unchanged, but his eyelids dropped and he did not raise them when the woman continued: "As I say, no man can defend me. I am too near that awful approach, to pass which we know is everlasting death to soul and body. Years ago I was a child of brightest promise. I lived with my parents in Kentucky. Wayward and light-hearted, I was admired by all the gay society known in the neighborhood. A man came and professed his love for me. I don't say this, judge, to excite your sympathy. I have many and many a time been drawn before courts, but I never before spoke of my past life."

She coughed again, and caught a flow of blood on a handkerchief which she pressed to her lips. "I speak of it now because I know this is the last court on earth before which I will be arraigned. I was fifteen years old when I fell in love with the man. My father said he was bad, but I loved him. He came again and again, and and when my father said he should come no more I ran away and married him. My father said I should never come home again. I had always been his pride, and I loved him so dearly, but he said that I must never again come to his home—my home, the home of my youth and happiness. How I longed to see him. How I yearned to put my head on his breast. My husband became addicted to drink. He abused me. I wrote to my father, asking him to let me come home, but the answer that came was, 'I do not know you!' My husband died—yes, cursed God and died. Homeless and wretched, and with my little boy I went out into the world. My child died, and I bowed down and wept over a pauper's grave. I wrote to my father again, but he answered, 'I know not those who disobey my commandments!' I turned away from that letter hardened. I spurned my teachings. Now I am here."

Several lawyers rushed forward. A crimson tide flowed from her lips. They leaned her lifeless head back against the chair. The old magistrate had not raised his eyes. "Great God!" said a lawyer, "he is dead!"

The woman was his daughter.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

No legacy is so rich as honesty.

Economy is itself a great income.

Folly ends where genuine hope begins.

Men mark the hits, and not the misses.

It costs more to avenge wrongs than to bear them.

Whatever makes men happier makes them better.

It is a good rule to be deaf when a slanderer begins to talk.

Feebleness of means is, in fact, the feebleness of him that employs them.

Circumstances are the rulers of the weak; they are but the instruments of the wise.

Out in the world men show us two sides in their character; by the fireside only one.

A woman may get to love by degrees; the best fire does not flare up the soonest.

Where there is much pretension much has been borrowed; nature never pretends.

It is not what you see that makes you popular among your friends; it is what you don't tell.

Never despise humble services; when large ships run aground, little boats may pull them off.

Attrition is to the stone what good influences are to the man; both polish, while they reveal hidden beauties.

When a man is at the foot of the hill in his fortunes, he may stay a long while there in spite of professional accomplishments.

Murdered by a Private.

Lieutenant General Coode, of Plymouth, England, formerly of the Indian army, has received particulars of the murder of his son, Lieutenant W. H. Coode, adjutant of the wing of the Lincolnshire regiment stationed at Benares. The deceased was drilling the men on parade when two rifle shots were fired from the corner of the barracks. The bullets passed close over the heads of the men, and almost immediately a third shot was fired, severely wounding a private named Lilley, in the knee. The men were much excited and wanted to "scatter," but Lieutenant Coode ordered them to remain steady and rode in the direction of the firing. As he was advancing in a canter a fourth shot was fired by a private named Cocklin, who was standing outside the barrack door. The bullet did no damage and the man again discharged his rifle. This time the bullet entered the breast of Lieutenant Coode's horse, but notwithstanding this, the officer still courageously advanced toward Cocklin, shouting, "What are you about, sir?" The man replied, "Stand back, sir, or I will shoot you, too." Lieutenant Coode, when about twelve paces from the soldier, was dismounting, apparently with the intention of seizing his assailant, when Cocklin again fired, and this time struck the officer in the groin. Medical aid was quickly secured, but the main artery of the lieutenant's leg was found to be nearly severed and he died in about an hour. Cocklin, when taken to the cell, remarked that he wished he had been able to "do" for Sergeant Brent. Sergeant Brent had been instrumental in obtaining a conviction against Cocklin's "chum" for insubordination, and the deceased, as adjutant of the regiment, had prosecuted him. This is the only reason that can be assigned for the occurrence. Lieutenant Coode was buried with full military honors, and a regimental order was issued directing the officers to go into mourning for three months.

Lafayette and His Opossums.

When Lafayette paid a visit to the United States he intimated a desire to become master of an opossum, and a Baltimore editor gladly undertook to see that the general had one to take home with him. Anxious to make the most of the occasion, he proclaimed his want in a highly-spiced appeal to his countrymen, urging them to prove that republics were not always ungrateful. They responded cheerfully—too cheerfully—to the appeal. Opossums came in from north and south, east and west, until the overwhelmed editor found himself possessed of 2190 too many. He could not afford them separate accommodations, he dared not lodge them together; so, at night, he turned them all loose in Monument square, to quarter themselves as they listed. Next day 'possums were here, there and everywhere in Baltimore, to the delight of the black, and the disgust of the white citizens, who fervently wished that Lafayette had never heard of an opossum, or that the editor had executed his commission with more discretion.—*All the Year Round.*

A Close-Fisted Economist.

The farmer sat in his easy chair
Betwen the fire and the lamplight's glare;
His face was ruddy and full and fair;
His three small boys in the chimney nook
Conned the lines of a picture book;
His wife, the pride of his home and heart,
Baked the biscuit and made the tart,
Laid the table and drew the tea,
Deftly, swiftly, silently;
Tired and weary, weak and faint,
She bore her trial without complaint,
Like many another household saint—
Content all selfish bliss above
In the patient ministry of love.

At last, between the clouds of smoke
That wreathed his lips, the farmer spoke:
"There's taxes to raise and int'rest to pay,
And if there shoul t come a rainy day
'Twould be mighty handy, I'm bound to say,
T' have something put by. For folks must die;
An' there's funeral bills, and grave stones to buy—
Enough to swamp a man, purty nigh;
Besides, there's Edward an' Dick an' Joe
To be provided for when we go;
So, if I were you, I'll tell you what I'd du;
I'd be savin' of wood as ever I could—
Extra fires don't do any good;
I'd be savin' of soap and savin' of ile,
And run up some candles once in a while;
I'd be rather sparin' of coffee and tea,
For sugar is high,
An' all to buy,
And water is good enough drink for me;
I'd be kind o' careful about my clo'es
And look out sharp how the money goes—
Gewgaws is useless, nater knows;
Extra trimmin'
'S the bane of women.
I'd sell the best of my cheese and honey,
An' eggs is as good, nigh 'bout, as money
An' as to the carpet you wanted new—
I guess we can make the old one du;
An' as for the washer an' sewin' machine,
Them smooth-tongued agents, so pesky mean,
You'd better get rid of 'em, slick and clean.
What do they know 'bout women's work?
Do they calkilate women was made to shirk?"

Dick and Edward and little Joe
Sat in the corner in a row;
They saw their patient mother go
On ceaseless errands to and fro;
They saw that her form was bent and thin,
Her temples gray, her checks sunk in;
They saw the quiver of lip and chin—
And then, with a wrath he could not smother,
Outspoke the youngest, frailest brother:
"You talk of savin' wood an' ile
An' tea an' sugar all the while,
But you never talk of savin' mother!"

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Men of mite—Dwarfs.

A fast gait—One that is bolted.

Funny, isn't it that you always see the night-fall before any stars begin to shoot.

Musicians are in the habit of slurring some notes, but they all speak well of greenbacks.

Man may want but little here below, but he makes a great disturbance if he doesn't get everything.

"What is woman's sphere?" To be mathematically correct, we suppose woman's sphere is being always 'round when you want her, and sometimes when you don't want her.

A New York tailor says that when he desires to get rid of a poor paying customer he misfits him so badly that he is laughed at. Then he gets mad and patronizes some other tailor.

"Enfant terrible." Grandmamma (maternal)—"What a fidget you are George! What are you looking about for now?" Grandson—"Gran'ma, where's that—I was looking for that 'miserable table' pa says you keep."

We are all equal in a way that this little story illustrates: "A day or two since a well-known physician called to see a lady patient, the mother of a bright three-years-old girl. As the doctor entered the room the little girl, as though somewhat frightened, ran away upon being told that the visitor was Dr. ——. The mother explained that the little one, through experience with a dislocated ankle and the vaccination season, was evidently afreid of the visitor. The following day the doctor made another call and succeeded in winning the little girl to his knee. 'Why did you run away from me yesterday?' he asked. 'Oh, I don't run away from you. I ran away from the doctor of you,' she responded vigorously."

Ancient Dishes.

The British museum has just acquired an interesting collection of thirty-nine silver objects which gives an insight into the daily life of the Babylonians, and reminds us of the discovery of the bird dealer's shop at Pompeii. These objects, which were all found together on the site of Babylon, consists of fragments of silver dishes, the broken handle of a vase and coins, most of the latter being defaced and clipped. It is easy to see that all have been broken purposely by a practiced hand, with the view of using the metal again, and we may fairly conclude that the collection is the remains of a silversmith's or coiner's shop. Among the coins is a Lycian one in good preservation. So far as can be judged from the vase handle and dishes, the art is distinctly Babylonian under Persian influence, and the workshop may date from the conquest of Alexander.

The Millheim Journal.

THURSDAY, APRIL 19TH, 1883.

BY DEININGER & BUMILLER.

Church & Sunday School Directory.

Evangelical.

Revs. B. Hengst and H. A. Benfer, Preach's

Rev. H. Benfer will preach next Sunday morning.

Sunday School, 1½ P. M.—Rev. C. F. Gephart, Supt

Missionary Society meets on the third Monday evening of each month.

Methodist.

Rev. Furman Adams Preacher-in-charge.

Regular services next Sunday evening.

Sunday School at 10½ A. M.—D. A Musser, Sup't

Reformed.

Rev. Zwingli M. Yearick, Pastor.

Preaching in Aaronsburg next Sunday morning.

Mite society meets regularly on the first Tuesday evening of each month.

United Brethren.

Rev. J. G. W. Herald, Preacher-in-charge.

Sunday School, 9 A. M.—A. R. Alexander, Supt

Lutheran.

Rev. John Tomlinson, Pastor.—

Preaching in Aaronsburg next Sunday afternoon, German, and in Millheim in the evening, English.

Sunday School at 9½ A.M. B. O. Deininger, Supt.

The Augsburg Bible Class meets every saturday evening at 7 o'clock.

Ladies' Mite Society meets on the first Monday evening of each month.

Lodge & Society Directory.

Millheim Lodge, No. 955, I. O. O. F. meets in heir hall, Penn Street, every Saturday evening.

Rebecca Degree Meeting every Thursday on or before the full moon of each month.

C. W. HARTMAN, Sec. F. W. MAUCK, N. G.

Providence Grange, No. 217 P. of H., meets in Alexander's block on the second Saturday of each month at 1½ P. M., and on the fourth Saturday of each month at 1½ P. M.

D. L. ZERBY, Sec. P. G. RICHARD, Master.

The Millheim B. & L. Association meets in the Penn street school house on the evening of the second Monday of each month.

A. WALTER, Sec. B. O. DEININGER, Prest.

The Millheim Cornet Band meets in the Town Hall on Monday and Thursday evenings.

J. W. Foote, Sec. D. I. Brown Pres't.

Centre County Democratic Committee for 1883.

DISTRICT.		NAME.	P. O. ADDRESS.
Bellefonte	N. W.	J. M. Keichline,	Bellefonte
"	S. W.	Chas Smith,	"
"	W. W.	S. A. McQuistion,	"
Howard	boro.	Ira C. Leathers,	Howard
Milesburg	"	James P. Jones,	Milesburg
Millheim	"	F. P. Musser,	Millheim
Philipsburg	1 W.	C. G. Heringer,	Philipsburg
"	2 W.	Sol Schmidt,	"
"	3 W.	A. V. Carpenter,	"
Unionville	boro.	F. J. McDonald,	Fleming
Benner	twp.	Wm. Ishler,	Bellefonte
Bogus	"	Frank F. Adams,	Milesburg
Burnside	"	Henry Meeker,	Pine Glenn
College	"	John Roop,	Lemont
Curtin	"	John McCloskey,	Roland
Ferguson	O. P.	J. T. McCormick,	State College
"	N. P.	L. W. Walker,	Rock Springs
Gregg	S. P.	John Coldron,	Spring Mills
"	N. P.	Wm. Luce,	Farmers Mills
Haines	E. P.	L. B. Stover,	Woodward
"	W. P.	Geo. Bower,	Aaronsburg
Half Moon	twp.	J. H. Griffin,	Stormstown
Harris	"	D. W. Meyer,	Boalsburg
Howard	"	John Glenn,	Howard
Huston	"	John L. Miles,	Julian
Liberty	"	James P. Leiun,	Blanchburg
Marion	"	J. J. Hoy,	Walker
Miles	"	Ellis Shafer,	Madisonburg
Patton	"	Agnew Sellers, Jr.	Filmore
Penn	"	P. H. Stover,	Coburn
Potter	N. P.	D. J. Meyer,	Centre Hall
"	S. P.	Samuel Slack	Tusseyville
Rush	N. P.	William Cullen,	Philipsburg
"	S. P.	J. T. Everly,	Sandy Ridge
Snow Shoe	twp.	Wm. R. Haynes,	Snow Shoe
Spring	"	E. C. Wood,	Bellefonte
Taylor	"	Hepburn Blowers,	Fowler
Union	"	S. K. Emerick,	Fleming
Walker	"	Jos. Emerick,	Bubblersburg
Worth	"	M. S. Spotts,	Port Matilda

WM. C. HEINLE, Chairman.

W. MILES WALKER, Secretary.

Our state legislature has now been in session just one week over the hundred days and candor compels the confession that very little has yet been done. About a dozen bills have been passed, five of which have been vetoed by the Governor and the vetoes were sustained in every case. Unless our law makers at Harrisburg will soon redeem themsleves by passing the laws they were elected and are expected to pass, their record as *reformers* will not pass into history as strictly first class.

Between appropriation bills, apportionment bills, the Recorder's bill and the constitutional amendment, our legislators are having a hard time of it.

The result of the Cincinnati election makes Pendleton a big leader in the party.

Senator Edmonds informs the Country that he is not a candidate for President.

The Selinsgrove *Times* wants Samuel J. Tilden nominated for next President.

Georgia's Next Governor Named.

ATLANTA, Ga., April 12.—In the democratic state convention to-day the convention, after a lengthy discussion, appointed a special committee of eighteen to endeavor to effect a compromise on the question of the nominee for governor. The committee immediately entered upon its work, and after remaining out until 6 o'clock returned and recommended Henry D. McDaniels, of Waltar county, who was nominated by acclamation, amid the wildest enthusiasm. He was conducted into the hall and addressed the convention, expressing his thanks for the nomination, outlining briefly his policy and congratulating the people upon the prosperity of the State. Messrs. Bacon and Boynton withdrew when the committee was made. The convention then adjourned. The nomination meets with universal approval as far as heard from.

The republican committee decided to-night not to put out a candidate so that McDaniel will probably have a walk over.

ARTHUR AND THE SEMINOLES.

He Shakes Hands with an Indian and Gives a Papoose a Quarter.

KISSIMMEE, Fla., April 11.—President Arthur and party went yesterday to Fort Gardiner on the Kissimmee river, forty miles south of Kissimmee City, and there met Tom Tigertail, a sub-chief of the Seminoles, who had come from Lake Rosalee, six miles distant, to meet the Great Father. The president shook hands with the Indians and gave a papoose a quarter. Secretary Chandler gave Tom Tigertail his pocket-knife. The secretary remarked to the president that Tigertail strongly resembled Alexander R. Sheppard. The President handed Tigertail a cigar, which was seized with avidity and he immediately reached for the president's cigar and obtained light and returned it. The president has caught many fish and Secretary Chandler today killed an alligator. The party returned to Kissimmee city about noon to day. They have gone on a special visit six miles up the shore of the lake, but have ordered a train for the purpose of leaving for Sanford at 6.30 this afternoon. They change their plans frequently. Secretary Chandler wanted to go through Okocholee lake and down the Coloosahotchie to Punta Rossa and there telegraph for the steamer Tallapoosa but the President would not consent.

Duke's Successor Named.

UNIONTOWN, Pa., April 15.—The democratic county committee met yesterday to nominate a successor to N. L. Dukes in the legislature. Fourteen candidates were present, the leading ones being A. J. Hill, H. J. Gilmore, Thomas Hazen and T. R. Nelan. On the seventh ballot Gilmore received twenty-one out of the forty votes in the committee, and was declared the nominee. Hill was an avowed Dukes man and the opposition concentrated on Gilmore. The republican committee meets next Tuesday, but it is doubtful whether any nomination will be made. Dukes has remained in town all week, seldom being seen on the streets in daytime and never night. He said to a gentleman that he proposed to remain either in Uniontown or the cemetery.

Programme of Senator Mahone.

WASHINGTON, April 15.—The Mahone programme is to make the tariff the issue in the fall campaign in Virginia. Mahone will take the protectionist side. He expects money from Pennsylvania and the support of the administration. With these he hopes to carry the state again. He will then dictate the appointment of the Virginia delegation to the republican national convention in 1884, and the delegation will be expected to present his name for the vice presidential nomination.

A Suggestion to the Coming Speaker.

From the Newark Daily Journal.

What a splendid Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs in the next Congress the Hon. Andrew G. Curtin, of Pennsylvania would make.

Senator Don Cameron is making preparations to sail for Europe in May. He will be accompanied by his wife and daughters, and proposes to remain abroad until the next session of Congress.

Captain George R. Goss, editor of of the Chester county *Democrat*, will be urged for the Democrat nomination for Auditor General,

A TRADEGY NEAR CHAMBERSBURG.

A Farmer Shoots Two Tramps, one Fatally.

CHAMBERSBURG, Pa., April 12.—Two tramps, whose names are supposed to be Schoot and Barton, called at the farm house of David Long, residing about a mile south of Chambersburg, about 4 o'clock this afternoon and demanded something to eat. As they were intoxicated Mr. Long refused to give them anything. Schoot, with an oath, declared he would have it if he had to fight for it and pushed into the kitchen. After several unsuccessful efforts to get Schoot out of the room Long went into an adjoining room and procured a revolver, when on returning to the kitchen Schoot drew his coat and struck several times at Long. Long told him to leave or he would shoot, but Schoot persisted in, as he said, fighting it out. Mr. Long then fired the first shot, striking Barton, who was standing on the porch, in the arm. Long then fired the second shot, it taking effect in Schoot's left side and passing into the abdominal cavity. Schoot ran to the porch and fell and Barton fled. Word was sent to town for officers, who arrested Barton and brought him and Schoot to town, where medical aid was rendered. Barton has been sent to jail for treatment and Schoot is lying in a precarious condition at a boarding house. There are no hopes of his recovery and his death is expected at any time. The shirt which Schoot wears bears the name of "H. Frantz." He was unable to give his name, and names which we give were received from a fellow tramp who had been with them to-day. Mr. Long was arrested and is in jail. His counsel will bring him into court to-morrow on a writ of habeas corpus.

JOE BRADY GUILTY.

The First of the Phœnix Park Murderers Convicted

DUBLIN, April 13.—The trial of Joe Brady was continued this morning. The defense called to the witness stand a clerk named Kennedy. He swore that he spoke to Brady, who was accompanied by a girl, on Dominick street, between 5 and 7 o'clock on May 6 last, the date of the Phœnix Park murders. He recognized Annie Meager, who testified yesterday that she was with Brady on that evening, as the girl in question. Witness said he also met Brady on the following day. The latter declared that the murders would ruin the cause of Ireland. Upon the conclusion of Kennedy's testimony the defense announced that the would call no other witnesses. Argument of counsel for the defense and the prosecution followed. The judge finished his charge at thirteen minutes after 3 o'clock, when the jury retired. They were absent but forty minutes, and on returning to the court room announced that they found Brady guilty of the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke. Brady was immediately sentenced to be hanged.

RECEPTION OF THE VERDICT.

When the verdict was read a deep but suppressed murmur went round the court room, and Brady, who up to this time had been singularly composed and free from emotion, turned ashen pale. Dr. Webb started up to make a motion, and after complete silence had been restored and before the judge had pronounced sentence of death, said in an impressive voice, "I desire to move for an arrest of judgment." He alleged that under the crimes act the jury which had heard the case, and had just given in its verdict, was not legally formed; that the prisoner had not received notice that he was to be tried before a special jury. The motion was denied by Judge O'Brien, who then said to the prisoner: "Have you anything to say why sentence of death should not now be pronounced upon you?" Brady responded in a loud, clear and firm voice, "I am not guilty of the charge which the informers have sworn on me. These men would swear away the life of any one to save their own." The sentence was then pronounced. It was that on the 14th day of May next Joseph Brady be hanged by the neck until dead. After sentence had been pronounced Brady, who in the meantime had recovered his composure, rose in his seat and with solemn vehemence protested his innocence of the crime. After making his last disclaimer he was hurried from the court room by the officers. In the street the announcement of the verdict had been received with marks of the utmost distavor and condemnation. Great crowds of people had waited impatiently about the doors of the tribunal until the conclusion of the trial, and now were packed still closer about the building in hopes of getting a sight of the condemned man as he was taken to jail.

Phipps in a Pennsylvania Prison.

PHILADELPHIA, April 13.—Major Ellis P. Phipps, the ex-almshouse superintendent, arrived in the city shortly after two o'clock this afternoon. There was a large crowd at the depot. Every person wanted to look at him. The prisoner was taken to the new court house, were Judge Allison was on the bench. Phipps bore all scrutiny without flinching. He was arraigned on the charge of forgery and remanded to jail without bail for a hearing on Tuesday morning next.

Impoverished Irish People.

BOSTON, April 15.—The British steamer Nestorian arrived here last night with 650 passengers, most of them impoverished Irish people sent over at the expense of the English government. The greater part are families, some of which number eight or ten members, while the average is about five. The majority came from Galway county, the others from Mayo, Derry and Donegal. Most of those from Galway have been evicted, and during the past winter lived as best they could finding shelter in tents.

Fatal Termination of a Powder Test.

LEBANON, April 12.—W. A. Lerow and Augustus Everhard, representing the Rend Rock powder company, of New York, were killed at Cornwall to-day while making a trial blast of the Rend Rock powder. They were charging the hole and used an iron bar to stamp it, which caused the premature explosion. Both men were horribly mangled. Their skulls were crushed and brains exposed. Everhard, who appears to have been stooping over the hole, was killed instantly. Lerow died half an hour after the explosion.

A Workingmen's Memorial.

WASHINGTON, April 10.—A memorial has been sent to the President of the United States by the President and Board of Directors of the central committee on national labor legislation petitioning for an extra session of Congress, to be called at as early a day as practicable, for the purpose of considering the relations between labor and capital. The memorialists claim to represent the wage workmen of the United States.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Reuben S. Zerby having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

A. P. ZERBY, Administrator.

Penn township, April 12., 1883.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of S. M. Winter, late of Miles township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

SAMUEL FRANK, Administrator.

Rebersburg, March 22, 1883.

Lewisburg and Tyrone Railroad Time Table.

LEAVE WESTWARD.

	1	3	5	7	9
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M
Montandon	7 05	9.40	2.05	6.00	7.55
Lewisburg	7.25	10 05	2.20		
Fair Ground	7 30	10.13	2.25		
Biehl	7.40	10.27	2.35		
Vicksburg	7.45	10.36	2.40		
Mifflinburg	8.00 ar	11.00 ar	2.55		
			lc. 3 05		
Millmont	8.22		3.28		
Laurelton	8.33		3.40		
Wiker Run	8.57		4.06		
Cherry Run	9.15		4.25		
Fowler	9.35		4.47		
Coburn	9.48		5.00		
Spring Mills	ar 10.15		ar. 5.30		

LEAVE EASTWARD.

	2	4	6	8	10
		A. M.		P. M.	
Spring Mills		5.50		1.50	
Coburn		6 18		2.20	
Fowler		6.28		2.33	
Cherry Run		6.48		2.55	
Wiker Run		7.05		3.15	
Laurelton		7.30		3.40	
Millmont		7.40		3.52	
			A. M.		
Mifflinburg		8.00	11.45	4.15	
			P. M.		
Vicksburg		8.15	12.10	4.32	
Biehl		8 20	12.17	4.38	
Fair Ground	A. M.	8.30	12.23	4.48	P. M.
Lewisburg	6.35	8.45	12.50	5.10	7.30
Montandon	ar. 6.45	ar. 9.00	ar 1.05	ar. 5.20	ar 7.40

Nos. 1 and 2 connect at Montandon with Erie Mail West; 3 and 4 with Sea Shore Express East; 5 and 6 with Day Express and Niagara Express West; 7 and 8 with Fast Line West; 9 and 10 with Williamsport Accommodation East.

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" " Hair cloth Parlor Suits	33.00	"	"	50.00
" " embossed plush parlor suits	75.00	"	"	125.00
Extra Super Carpets	65	"	"	1.00
Choice " "	75	"	"	1.10
Rag Carpets	30 to 60c.	"	"	45 to 90
Brussels "	50 to 85c.	"	"	85 to 1.25
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Fig. 1. Fig. 2.

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The Millheim Journal.

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LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

—The grain fields in this neighborhood appear well.

—How are your "garden things" flourishing?

—Lock Haven is happy over a new town clock.

—Jacob Z. Long has been appointed post master at Howard this county.

—Rev. C. F. Deininger, and wife, of New Berlin, are here on a visit.

—Miss Mary Strohm's school will open next Monday the 23rd instant.

—Some papers say that we are to have the locusts this year. We will see.

—John Kersteter, of Booneville is here doing several first class jobs of masonry.

—We are having spells of fine spring weather interspersed with seasonable rains.

—The State Constitutional Amendment Convention will meet in Bellefonte some time in May.

—Mr. John S. Homan has a lot fo fine, clean seed barley for sale. Call in time. 2t

—It is predicted that we will have a good year for fruit. Guess we will know more about it by September.

—Col. Jacob Wolf has removed his tailor shop into Alexander's building, on the second floor.

—Last Friday Mr. A. Lukenbach showed his smiling face in Millheim for the first time since he removed to Bellefonte. Come again and oftener, Abraham.

—Rev. James H. Wilson, of New York city, son of Peter Wilson, Esq., of Spring Mills, sailed for Europe last week. His congregation voted him a vacation of six months.

—The mercantile firm of Fiedler & Runkle has dissolved. Mr. Runkle goes into the same business at Middleburg, Snyder county, while Mr. Fiedler continues at the old stand.

—Mr. Jacob Gephart has planted shade trees along his property on North street on both sides of the road. Hope they will all grow and that many others will follow his example.

—The Evangelical congregation of of Millheim purpose building a new church. This is certainly a commendable step, a move in the right direction; and as they are abundantly able to do it they will no doubt build a good one.

—The following are the new officers of Millheim Lodge No 955, I. O. O. F. N. G.—E. W. Mauck; V. G.—Michael Ulrich; Secretary—C. W. Hartman; Assistant Secretary—James Witmeyer; Treasurer—John Long. They were regularly installed on Saturday evening.

SELECT SCHOOL AT SPRING MILLS.—The undersigned will open a Select School in the Public School Building at Spring Mills. The spring term to consist of 5 weeks will open on Monday, May 7th. Tuition from $2.50 to $4.00. Boarding can be procured at from $2.50 to $3.00 per week.

C. M. SMITH, A. B.

—The regular monthly meeting of the Missionary Society of the Evangelical Sunday School, held on Monday evening was well attended and much interest was manifested. Addresses were delivered by Revs. B. Hengst and C. F. Deininger. The receipts are satisfactory and the society is in a flourishing condition.

—Millheim wants a first class shoemaker. A good chance is open for such a one.

OUR SICK.—Mr. Wm. Miller is slowly improving but still confined to the house. Mr. Michael Smith is able to be out of bed, but Mr. Wm. Reifsnyder, Sr., does not seem to be improving any. He is afflicted with a cancerous affection in the face. They all have our hearty sympathies.

—Mr. & Mrs. C. W. Sturgis and son Fred, of Lancaster, and Mrs. Wm. Wolf, of Lewisburg, were here to attend the funeral of Mrs. C. A. Sturgis—to pay the last tribute of love and respect to a beloved daughter, sister and friend.

They left for their respective homes on Wednesday.

—$2,500 worth of goods at bankrupt prices. Prints reduced from 7 to 5 & 5½cts; Appleton A muslin down to 8c; 6 pounds choice sugar for 50c; 1 gallon extra syrup for 45c; rice 5c; boots & shoes very low; canned tomatoes at 9c; carpet chain at 20c. *Produce taken in exchange* for goods.

J. W. STAM.

—The subscriber proposes to teach a school in Millheim, provided a sufficient number of pupils can be secured without interfering with such as have already subscribed to other teachers. Tuition $1.50 for common branches, for a term of eight weeks. For the higher branches an additional charge will be asked. I will visit the parents to solicit pupils next Monday.

SUSAN STEPHENS.

—J. A. Limbert is really one of the most accommodating and reliable fellows that ever drove a stage. Throughout the year he carries a very large amount of express goods all along the route, and delivers them in person.

Everything is always right and his charges are really moderate. You can safely entrust our business to him.

—The baker's dozen of prisoners now in the Bellefonte Jail are strongly bent on escape. They have made several attempts to get out and the last one, the other Thursday night, well nigh proved successful. The vigilance of Sheriff Dunkle, assisted by chief of police, Montgomery, W. C. Heinle and D. H. Hastings thwarted the jail birds. There are evidently some very bad characters among them.

—Mr. Morrison's school closed on Friday and on Saturday he left for Port Matilda, his home. He is without question one of the best teachers in the county and a most estimable gentleman throughout, and has endeared himself to the people of this community, both old and young, by a strict, conscientious discharge of duty and an examplary walk and conduct. We sincerely regret his departure.

HOW TO RAISE A CROP OF PLUMS.—A valued friend gives us his experience in raising plums, as follows: Just before your trees go into blooming spread a good coating of quick lime under them making the radius as large as the branches spread. This a sure preventive against the ravages of curculio and will not fail to insure a plentiful crop of the delicate fruit.

—The grand jurors for April term from this section of the county are J. H. Reifsnyder, of Millheim, Harry Strohecker, Miles, and Frank J. Rarich, Wm. Stover and Chas. A. Krape, Gregg. Traverse jurors, first week—J. B. Kreamer and Jerome Meyer, Miles, Wm. Neese, Gregg, Wm. Eisenhuth, Penn, and Jacob F. Stover, Samuel C. Musser, and S. M. Motz, Haines. Second week, George Miller, John Hoy, James Gentzel and S. J Hering, Gregg, Geo. M. Stover, Haines.

Among the cases coming up for trial are A. J. Albright, Admin. *vs.* Jonathan Kreamer, W. H. Korman, Assignee, *vs.* Elias Wert and others, Same *vs.* S. K. Faust and others, J. B. Fisher *vs.* R. H. Duncan and others and Centre county *vs.* the old board of County Commissioners.

—If every man in town who has a home and a family—no matter whether he owns the home or occupies it only as a renter—would make up his mind to put everything in the best possible trim, what a difference it would very soon make in the general appearance of things. And this is the proper time to do it. Not only should houses and cellars be thoroughly cleansed and disinfected, but stables, wood sheds and other outhouses should have attention. Gardens should be cleaned up, yards and fronts raked and swept, ash piles and other rubbish removed, fences straightened and white washed, trees pruned and flower beds trimmed and put in good shape. All this will cost but little cash—only proper industry and love of order; but it it will be a source of comfort and satisfaction to yourselves and family if done. Practical men will see to having it all attended to seasonably and in good style; others will of course manage not to have time to attend to such matters. They will give the dear women full and exclusive privileges to do it all themselves, if they choose or can.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a Bottle.

—IN MEMORIAM.—Mrs. Jane M. B. Sturgis, the subject of this notice was born at Millheim, April 6th, 1860. She was the second daughter of D. A. & Lydia A. Musser. With the exception of a period of two years, during which she attended the Bellefonte Academy, and a residence at Lewisburg of a little over a year since her marriage, her whole life was spent at the parental home.

Sept. 10th, 1879, she was married to Mr. Chas. A. Sturgis, who for several years was engaged in the watch & jewelry business here. In Feb. 1882 Mr. Sturgis bought out Capt. Brooke's establishment in Lewisburg and removed with his family to that place. In January last Mrs. Sturgis' health began to fail. Her case grew more serious and turned into typhoid pneumonia. Hoping that a change of place might benefit her she was brought here in February. But the fond hopes of her friends were not to be realized, and she grew worse gradually, but alas, too surely, until Saturday morning the 14th instant at early dawn, her spirit took its flight into the better land beyond, surrounded by her deeply-afflicted husband, parents, brothers and sisters. She departed her earthly pilgrimage in the blessed hope of a glorious immortality. Her end was peace!

The writer knew the now sainted girl, wife and mother from her earliest childhood, and bears sincere testimnoy to her unaffected modesty, her spotless purity of character and life, her quiet, gentle disposition, her genuine kindness of heart and her winning manner and bearing. She was one of those amiable, sweet-tempered women who so strongly endear themselves to all with whom they come into contact. Her memory will long remain fresh and green in the hearts of her family, relatives and friends.

"She sleeps in the valley so, sweet,
Not a breath e'er disturbs her repose;
Her form is but dust 'neath our feet
While she is an angel of light!"

...

—From our exchanges we learn that there is to be a musical jubilee at Selinsgrove commencing June 12 and continuing four days. There are to be 1,500 trained voices in the chorus, with a full complement of brass, reed and stringed instruments. Dr. W. O. Perkins, of New York, is to be in charge of the jubilee exercises. The jubilee is to take place in a mammoth tabernacle capable of seating 4,000 persons, together with ample stage accommodations for the singers. Season tickets for the stage $1.00.

SPRING MILLS ITEMS.

Mr. George Leitzell officiated as groomsman twice in one week. Lucky fellow.

Our Sabbath schools are both flourishing.

Prof. Smith expects a very large school this summer.

Mr. David Burrell is preparing to build a new house.

Mr. Wm. Sholl lost a valuable horse recently.

Prof. F. F. Jamison and Mr. Samuel Harter have returned from their trip to Virginia. They speak in glowing terms of the Old Dominion. Their friends down there are doing well.

The fort is still in the hands of Mr. Nash—probably only for a short time however.

Dr. Geo. S. Frank, a late graduate of one of our medical colleges in Philadelphia, is going to settle here. I wish him abundant success.

SAM PATCH.

St. Elmo Hotel,

Nos. 317 & 319 ARCH ST.,

PHILADELPHIA.

RATES REDUCED TO $2.00 PER DAY.

The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and the different Rail-Road depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.

Your patronage respectfully solicited.

Jos. M. Feger, Proprietor.

Miscellaneous.

The snow in the woods in Potter county is three feet deep in many places. A large number of wild animals have died from lack of food and water.

OF THE TWENTY-FIVE SNOWS predicted for the winter of 1882-3 twenty-four have fallen. It is a mean sort of winter that will disappoint a weather prophet at the twenty-fourth hour.

At Mifflin on Tuesday two girls, Mary Hirshberger and Anna Fisher, each aged seven years, were instantly killed by the side of a rickety old barn falling on them.

At a wedding ceremony in Huntingdon recently the groom was John Brown, the bride Lizzie Brown, the minister was Rev. Brown, the best man Henry Brown, and the ceremony came off at the house of Burgess Brown. The local paper, noticing the event, said that it was certainly "done up Brown."

Lynched by a Masked Mob.

LYNCHBURG, April 12.—This morning early about one hundred disguised persons attacked the jail at Wytheville, forced the sheriff to surrender the keys and took Wm. M. Crockett from his cell and hung him from the beam of a mill on the outskirts of the town. Crockett was awaiting trial for the murder of Joseph H. F. Hurt, in Wythe county some time ago. The murder was a cold blooded affair, and Crockett would have been lynched at the time had he not escaped. He was captured about two months ago and brought back to Wytheville for trial. After hanging him the mob riddled his body with bullets to insure his death. None of the lynchers were recognized. Intense excitement prevails at Wytheville.

Thousands of Dollars in Coin Dug up.

From the Texas Industrial Farmer.

A party of five Americans and a Mexican recently rode up to the house of a farmer in Leon county and told him there was a large sum of money buried in the vicinity, and if he would conduct them to a certain old house they would give him one-seventh of the treasure. The house was pointed out, & after taking measurements, the party unearthed $57,000 in coin. The Mexican had seen the money buried forty years before.

Lycoming county has forty-eight prisoners in the Eastern Penitentiary who during the year 1882 cost $2,454.05, nineteen cents a day being charged for board and extra charge for clothing. But the prisoners earned $1,408.27, so the actual expense to the county for board was $1,045.77. Add to this $47.05 for clothing and the funeral expenses of one inmate, and the balance due the penitentiary is $1,092.82.

Where the Word Dude Came From.

From the Springfield Republican.

The just now popular word dude, meaning an empty-headed, languid-manner young swell who bangs his hair, proves to be no foreign importation, but, like many another expressive term, to be of good New England parentage. The word (pronounced in two syllables) has been used in the little town of Salem, N. H., for twenty years past and it is claimed was coined there. It is common there to speak of a dapper of a young man as a "dude of a fellow," of a small animal as "a little dude," of a sweetheart as "my dude." But how the word attained so sudden and wide-spread a notoriety puzzles Salem. Its revival at New York is credited to a disgusted Englishman, who remarked, after visiting a rich club, that the young men were all "dudes."

EVEN IN THE selfish hurry of modern life people sometimes live long enough to feel the force of retribution. A few weeks ago a widow living near Honesdale married a traveling salesman, sold her home and, leaving her four small children asleep in bed, left for the West. The children were cared for by the Directors of the Poor of Honesdale. Last week the woman returned home penniless and penitent. She had been robbed of her money by her husband in Chicago and had been forced to beg her way home. Her friends refused to receive her. Justice is not always tempered with mercy.

COST OF GETTING UP A GILDED YOUTH.

"Well? And so this is a gilded youth? Is it not a pretty dear?" "Oh, yes! It is as pretty as a little red wagon!"

"Who made it?" "It is self-made, but the pattern was imported."

"Was it expensive to make?"

"Very costly. Figure it up."

Cravat and pin	$15 00
Shirt collar	25
Other clothing	100 00
Watch and chain	150 00
Jewelry	25 00
Cash on hand	7 35
Education	20,000 00
Experience	30,020 00
Total	$50,317 50

"Quite costly! What dividend is the investment paying?"

"Its running expenses are much too great for it to pay dividends. There are monthly assessments on its stockholders."

"There are persons then who take stock in it?"

"Oh, yes, plenty, for it has very pleasing ways."

As Useful a Person as the Dude.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

"There goes a stove-warmer," said one of the knowing ones to a reporter yesterday.

"What is a stove-warmer?"

"You see those fellows laying around the engine houses all day? Well, they are all stove-warmers. You have gone into a saloon and asked your friends to drink. You may have seen a fellow step up to the bar with those you have invited. He lays around the saloon all day. Set him down as a stove-warmer. He goes in a barber shop. He lays about there all day and reads the paper. You find him everywhere, in the billiard saloons, in the pool rooms, in the gambling houses. Wherever men gather to spend money or time you always find the stove-warmer.

MARRIED.

At the Lutheran Parsonage, Rebersburg, by Rev. A. K. Zimmerman, Mr. Wm. C. Carls, of Tylersville, and Miss Lydia J. Goodman, of Logansville.

On the 12th inst., by Rev. Z. A. Yearick, Mr. B. F. Edmonds and Miss Ellen Lucetta Weaver, both of Aaronsburg.

DIED.

On the 12th ult., in Sugar Valley, Mr. Philip Shreckengast, aged 73 years, 6 months and 18 days.

On the 29th ult., near Logansville, Mrs. Catharine Weaver, wife of Wm. Weaver, aged 47 years, 5 months and 13 days.

On the 31st ult., near Tylersville, after a long and painful suffering, Mr. Henry Weaver, aged 67 years, 10 months and 20 days.

(Clinton Co. papers please copy.)

On the morning of the 14th inst., at the home of her parents, Millheim, Pa., after a sickness of some weeks, Mrs. Jane Mary Belle, wife of C. A. Sturgis, and daughter of D. A. & Lydia A. Musser, aged 23 years and 8 days.

The funeral took place on Monday and was attended by a large concourse of relatives and friends. Rev. Furman Adams preached a very comforting sermon from the words "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." Rev. Benj. Hengst followed in an earnest and impressive address in German.

TO THE MEMORY OF "OUR SISTER".

Sister thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of ev'ning,
When it floats among the trees.

Dearest sister thou hast left us,
Here thy loss we deeply feel,
But 'twas God that hath bereft us,
He can all our sorrows heal.

Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled,
Then in Heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at GEO. P. ROWELL & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce Street), where advertising contracts may be made for it in NEW YORK.

Millheim Market.

Corrected every Wednesday

Wheat, old	1.05
" new, No. 2	95
" " No. 3	75
Corn	65
Rye	70
Oats White	
Buckwheat	
Flour	5.00
Bran & Shorts, per ton	20,00
Salt, per Brl.	1.50
Plaster, ground	9.50
Cement, per Bushel	45 to 50
Barley	
Tymothyseed	
Flaxseed	
Cloverseed	8.50
Butter	22
Hams	17
Sides	13
Veal	
Pork	
Beef	
Eggs	15
Potatoes	60
Lard	15
Tallow	
Soap	5
Dried Apples	
Dried Peaches	
Dried Cherries	

COAL MARKET AT COBURN.

Egg Coal	$5.25
Stove "	5.25
Chestnut "	5.00
Pea	3.50
Pea by the car load	3.40

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PRICES that will bear COMPETITION.

WE WILL NOT ADD MORE, BUT SIMPLY SAY THAT YOU WILL FIND THE BEST ASSORTMENT OF GOODS IN OUR LINE, AND THAT WE

CANNOT BE UNDERSOLD!

Respectfully,

B. HARRIS,

Market Street, Lewisburg, Pa.

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A NOTED DIVINE SAYS:

DR. TUTT:—*Dear Sir:* For ten years I have been a martyr to Dyspepsia, Constipation and Piles. Last spring your pills were recommended to me; I used them (but with little faith). I am now a well man, have good appetite, digestion perfect, regular stools, piles gone, and I have gained forty pounds solid flesh. They are worth their weight in gold.

Rev. R. L. SIMPSON, Louisville, Ky.

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A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of Appetite, Nausea, Bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the Shoulder blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, Loss of memory, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering of the heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache, Restlessness at night, highly colored Urine.

IF THESE WARNINGS ARE UNHEEDED, SERIOUS DISEASES WILL BE DEVELOPED.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.

Try this remedy fairly, and you will gain a healthy Digestion, Vigorous Body, Pure Blood, Strong Nerves, and a Sound Liver. Price, 25 Cents.

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Gray Hair and Whiskers changed to a Glossy Black by a single application of this Dye. It imparts a natural color, acts Instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.

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DR. TUTT'S MANUAL of Valuable Information and Useful Receipts will be mailed FREE on application.

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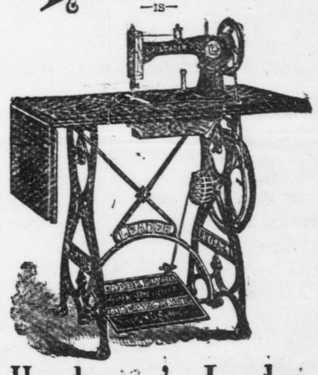

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MAINTENANCE OF GOOD RETAIL PRICES;
NO PROMISCUOUS SCATTERING OF WHOLESALE PRICES.

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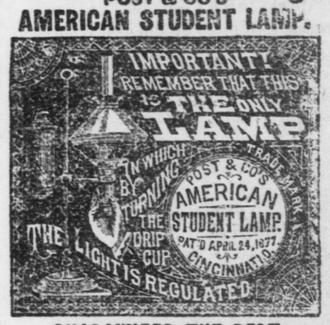

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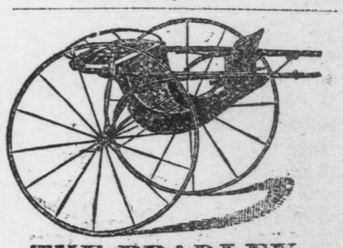

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BRADLEY & CO.,

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ESTABLISHED 1832.

FOR THE FARM AND HOME.

A Thin Cow.

If a cow is fed too much meal she will be poor and thin, and the skin may be irritated and congested. Too much food has a similar effect, or is worse than too little, as it produces indigestion, which disorders the blood and causes a feverish condition of the system. As it is only the food that is digested healthfully that makes flesh, fat and milk, these will not be made if a larger quantity be given than can be digested. A cow that is suffering from indigestion may be treated as follows: Give a pint of linseed-oil, and repeat it the second day after; then feed some bran slop or some cut feed with bran and a little meal in it, but in moderate quantity, until her appearance improves.

Potato Experiments.

A correspondent in the *Cultivator and Country Gentleman* gives the result of some experiments in growing potatoes: Some years ago I selected some healthy potatoes that had no sign of running out, and made a selection of the largest and smallest firm tubers in each lot. I planted the same number of hills of each kind side by side; gave the same treatment in every particular, and in the fall I weighed the product. There was one pound difference in favor of the large cut potatoes. I then selected the largest from the largest and the smallest from the smallest, and planted the next season the same number of hills side by side, with the same treatment. In the fall the weight of product was one and one-half pounds in favor of small tubers. I continued the experiment for five years, selecting the largest from the largest and the smallest from the smallest. Sometimes one yielded the best, sometimes the other; but the variation never reached two pounds. At the end of the five years' experiment there was one-half pound in favor of the small tubers. The experiment comprised ten hills of each.

Medium Hogs.

It is never the oldest and largest hogs that are the most desirable for either the packer or the consumer. There is always double risk in curing the hams and shoulders from very large hogs over those taken from hogs of common, medium size; then if the hams of very large hogs come out well cured, there is hardly one consumer in a thousand but what would rather have hams out of hogs weighing about 250 pounds, even at a strong advance in price, than to have the mammoth sized hams. There is no doubt but what any farmer can make more clear money as a rule, out of pigs that come in the month of March or April, than can be made out of pigs that come in any other part of the year. The early spring pigs will be ready to graze on clover about as soon in the season as it will be ready for grazing, and they will want little else but this kind of feed until new corn will be ready to feed in September. They should in all cases be fattened on corn and made ready for market by Christmas, or about nine months of age. If the right breeds are kept, hogs of this age can be made to weigh 275 to 300 pounds, making in all respects as good pork as could be required for consumers' use in any market; or by feeding a moderate amount of corn and oatmeal through August and September, they can be sold in October, and will then make first-rate bacon hogs, and it is never a possible thing to produce good pork any cheaper or as cheap as it can be done in this way, as the general weather conditions through all the life of such hogs is in the highest degree favorable for the growth and thrift of these animals.—*Drovers' Journal.*

Composting Manure.

One of the important questions which every farmer has to decide is the best method of composting manure. Farmers do not agree on this subject; while some hold that it is best to apply manure in its green state and compost it with the soil, others believe it best to compost it in the yard by mixing with it an equal quantity of muck or loam. Advocates of the last method claim that the manure is thus decomposed and brought into plant food that is immediately available. The advocates of composting directly with the soil claim that it saves a large amount of labor of hauling in material to compost with, the pitching of it all over, and the carting out and spreading twice the quantity; and they also claim that during the process of decomposition in a compost heap, under ordinary conditions, a portion of the fertilizing elements is lost; while if applied directly to the soil, the process of decomposition inproves the condition of the soil and prepares its plant growth much better than if applied after decomposition has taken place.

While it is probably best for most crops to apply the manure in the green state there are some crops that need forcing with manure already well decomposed. For example, strawberries that have been set one year sometimes require a fertilizer that will act at once. Grass land, if manured between the first and second crop, should have well decomposed manure.

The farmer, in composting his manure, should never forget that all of the muck, loam or sand which he mixed with his manure above that which is necessary to absorb the liquids and gasses is a waste of labor, and only makes his manure heap a deceptive which his crops will surely find out. While it is important that every farmer should always have at hand sufficient absorbents to prevent the loss of the liquids, but few farmers work to the best advantage when they haul into the barn yard as many loads of muck, loam or sand as they have of manure. The large additional cost of removing twice or three times such large quantities of materials but little better, if as good, as the soil upon which it is spread, never comes back in the increase of crops.—*Ploughman.*

Household Hints.

Fish may be scaled much easier by first dipping them in scalding water for a minute.

Fresh meat, beginning to sour, will sweeten if placed out of doors in the cool air overnight.

Milk which has changed may be sweetened or rendered fit for use again by stirring in a little soda.

Tie a piece of cloth on the end of a stick, wet it with vinegar, and clean the mica of stove doors, even while the stove is hot.

Five minutes' soaking in water and ammonia will clean the dirtiest frying pan so that it will only need rinsing and wiping to be ready for use.

If the inside of your tea pot or coffee pot is black from long use, fill it with hard water, throw in a piece of hard soap, set on the stove and let it boil from half an hour to an hour. It will clean it as bright as a new dollar and cost no work.

The Field of Glory.

Clambering over the rude bank of logs and earth that formed the defensive line of our antagonists, I found myself at last on the well-remembered ground. But what a sight met my eye! In the bright moonlight lay nearly 300 bodies of my comrades, their picturesque zouave uniforms now blackened by contact with corruption. In rows and in groups, just as they had fallen on that fatal day, these unburied corpses had become wind and sun-dried skeletons. The faces that were upturned to the silvery rays of the moon had lost all semblance to humanity and were now simply hideous masks, the eyeless sockets of which seemed to mock me as I stood among them. But I was not done, for at my feet writhed countless swarms of the repulsive Virginia tumble-bug, all struggling for a share in the awful banquet the god of war had provided for them. Horror stricken and heart sick I gazed over the field and along the line we had held, seeing bodies in every direction and in every possible attitude. Here one poor fellow had crawled to the foot of a tree and died as he sat. The fez was still on his head, the gibbering skull beneath it seeming to laugh at me, as the jaws had relaxed and fallen apart. On the sleeves were the chevrons of a sergeant. Beyond were the bodies of five or six men, lying one over the other; but now they seemed like a design on a carpet, having becomed flattened to one level. Near these men was the body of a man lying apart from his fellows. Falling on his back, the dead man had flung his arms wide apart, and one leg was drawn up as if in agony. Now the hands were bare of flesh and peeped hideously out of the sleeves, while the elevated knee had become shrunken, a wide rent in the cloth permitting the skin covered bone to protrude. Everywhere about me these ghastly spectres met my gaze.—*Bullet and Shell.*

The Cashier Ahead.

A new bank which had been established in a town in Indiana had engaged the services of a watchman who came well recommended, but who did not seem over-experienced. The president therefore sent for him to post him up a bit, and began:

"James, this is your first job of this kind, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir?"

"Your first duty must be to exercise vigilance."

"Yes, sir."

"Be careful how strangers approach you."

"I will, sir."

"No stranger must be permitted to enter the bank at night under any pretext whatever."

"No, sir."

"And our cashier—he is a good man, honest, reliable and thoroughly trustworthy, but it will be your duty to keep an eye on him."

"But it will be hard to watch two men and the bank at the same time, sir."

"Two men—how?"

"Why, sir, it was only yesterday that the cashier called me in for a talk, and he said you were the squarest man in Indiana, but that it would be just as well to keep both eyes on you, and let the directors know if you hung around after hours.—*Wall Street News.*

The weeds found on farms come largely from the grass seeds, with which weed seeds are mixed. The microscope not only reveals to the eye the worthless seeds of the grasses, but by careful use it detects the weed seeds Bad seeds are a source of great injury to the farmers, and the subject should not be neglected.

THE NEWS.

Archbishop Taschereau has informed the faculty of the Montreal Medical School that they must sever their connection with Victoria College. A mandate has also been received by the Superior of the Hotel Dieu Hospital from his Grace, directing that medical students from protestant colleges be not admitted.

A disastrous fire occurred at Greeley, Col. N. W. Hall's hardware and furniture, Jackson's dry goods store, the Union Bank building and the Masonic and Odd-Fellows' halls were destroyed. The loss is estimated at $150,000.

A bill has been introduced in the Senate of New York and immediately passed to a third reading, to prevent any attempt to personate or represent Jesus Christ, the Saviour, by any show, play or dramatic representation.

Papers were filed at Albany, N. Y., organizing the Globe Telephone Company, with a capital of $10,000,000, to do a telephone business throughout the United States. The purpose is to use instruments that will talk over long distances.

Twenty-nine business firms burned out in Kentland, Ind. The loss will reach $100,000, about one-half of which was covered by insurance.

Peter Cooper died at New York in his 93rd year. He was known the country over, as a philanthropist. His life was devoted to industry and morality.

Sprague has been defeated in Rhode Island for Governor by 2,500 votes.

The libel suit of Prof. MacLean, of the medical department of the Michigan State University, against James E. Scripps, editor and principal proprietor of the Detroit *Evening News*, after a two week's trial has been concluded with a verdict of all points in favor of plaintiff, and awarding $20,000 damages.

A prairie fire is devastating the country north of Lincoln, Nebraska. Mrs. Dalton, a farmer's wife, was suffocated while fighting the fire. Barns, houses, granaries and haystacks are being destroyed. It is estimated that fifty square miles of territory have been burned over, and the fire is still raging.

The Buckle manufacturing house of Willis ton Knight & Co., has made an assignment in consequence of one of the partners using $75,000 of the funds and running off to Europe.

At a meeting of Irishmen in New York Mr. Parnell's peace policy was repudiated, and dynamite was declared to be the only policy of the future.

Middle and Southern News

A severe wind, rain and hail storm prevailed in Central and Southwestern Arkansas doing considerable damage. Along the line or the Hot Springs Railroad the force of the wind lifted a passenger coach from the track and sent it down an embankment. Several persons were bruised. Two buildings were blown down at Alexander Station, on the Iron Mountain Railroad. The tornado was especially disastrous at Mabelvale, ten miles south of Little Rock, on the Iron Mountain Railroad. A dozen residences and as many stables were blown down.

A boiler attached to an engine of 75-horse power exploded in the factory of Geo. Bishop at Newberne, N. C. The engineer and the fireman were killed. The house of Isaiah Wood, one hundred yards distant, was destroyed, and Mrs. Wood was, it is believed, fatally injured. Half of the factory was demolished, and all the houses in the vicinity were more or less damaged.

It is stated that the bonds of the ship canal, by way of the Sassafras route, from the Chesapeake bay to the Delaware river, have been placed in France by Mr. Henry B. Tibbits, of New York, the president of the company, and that the money has been raised for the canal which is to cost $8,000,000. The canal is to be completed in four years.

By a fire at Shelbyville, Tenn., the house of J. P. Ingle, John Hanson's grocery, the building of the Western Union Telegraph Company, Chilborn's barber shop, the house of Sam Taylor (colored), the house of T. W. Buchan, the drug store of T. J. Roane & Co., and the Masonic Hall were burned; loss estimated at $100,000; insurance about $50,000.

The Governor of Pennsylvania has issued a proclamation declaring the charters of corporations and companies which have failed to make a return to the auditor-general within three years, as the law directs, forfeited. The list will include 775 corporations of such character as to cause general surprise to the public.

George F. Kyle, 14 years of age, was married to Lizzie May Hollingshead, 13 years of age. The bride is an orphan and looked like a little girl arrayed for her first party, and the groom hardly seemed to have passed the spanking age.

Col. V. K. Stevenson, a Tennesseean by birth, who has become a millionaire in New York by lucky investments in stocks and real estate, has determined to build several large iron furnaces in Tennessee, in whose future prosperity he has great faith.

The bill to prevent railroad companies from giving free passes to any one except officers and employers has passed the Pennsylvania House of Representatives. It makes the granting of passes a misdemeanor, punishable by fine and imprisonment.

A decree has been published at Havana ordering an examination by the board of health of all American lard packed in kegs or other wooden packages.

By the explosion of gas in a sewer at Baltimore. Md., the sewer was destroyed, windows demolished, and two persons lost their lives.

The order of the Oriole, of Baltimore, have decided on September 11, 12 and 13 for their annual pageant.

The Ende Hotel, a three-story brick building, at Greenville, the county seat of Hunt county, Texas, was blown down, or fell down, and the ruins were then destroyed by fire, with an appalling loss of life. There were nearly fifty guests in the house, most of whom were asleep when the crash occurred, and of this number thirteen were buried beneath the ruins, and then to suffer the terrible tortues of cremation.

Over eight inches of rain fell at New Orleans in sixteen hours on April 7th. The Mississippi river overflowed its banks on the Algiers front, causing considerable damages to property. Other suburban towns were overflowed. The Red river is reported to be "booming," and an overflow is feared.

A Miss Duncan, niece of W. B. Duncan, a former member of the banking house of Duncan, Sherman & Co, of New York, died in Baltimore, it is supposed, from an overdose of chlorate. Her death has created a sensation among the higher circles of which she was a member.

A fire at West Minister, Md., has burned out a large part of the town. Assistance from Baltimore was asked for, and two chemical and one engine and two trucks were dispatched. Fire Inspector Holloway and Chief Heiskill accompanied the apparatus.

State Auditor Allen has informed the attorney-general that he would no longer pay the salaries of the judges of the Corporation Courts of Richmond, Petersburg, Norfolk, Lynchburg, &c. The cities will have to pay these officials.

The Norfolk *Virginian* estimates that there is coal enough in the mines recently opened in Pocahontas county, West Virginia, to supply the demands of the North for 200 years to come.

The fire at Westminster, Md., destroyed eighteen houses, caused the death of two men and twenty-five horses, and a loss of $73,000. The loss on the Lutherian church and the Rector's library amounts to $15,000. The total insurance is estimated at $30,000.

The Pennsylvania House of Representatives yesterday passed a bill abolishing the contract system in prisons and reformatory institutions.

Susquehanna shad are appearing in the Baltimore and Philadelphia markets.

The Louisiana Supreme Court has overruled the order of the lower court and refused a mandamus requiring the city of New Orleans to levy a tax of $650,000 to pay the interest on the consolidated bonds.

A police census of Richmond, Va., which has just been completed, shows the population to be 70,684. The United States census of 1880 gave the population as 63,600.

Nashville, Tennessee, is scourged with small-pox. Thirteen new cases were reported on Saturday, and fifty patients are in the pest-house. One school containing 600 pupils has been closed for two weeks.

C. C. Fulton, proprietor of the Daily *American*, of Baltimore, Md., has conveyed his property in trust, to Felix Angus, the manager of that paper

The Baltimore subtreasury has sixty-five tons of silver in the vaults and 1,970,000 one-cent pieces. The public demand for the latter has declined greatly since the five-cent car fare took effect.

Ex-President Hayes positively refuses to allow his name to go before the Republican convention of Ohio as a candidate for Governor.

Foreign News.

LONDON, April 4.—The National Theatre at Berlin has been burned out. No lives were lost.

Michael Davitt, from his prison, has written a vigorous letter to the Young Ireland Society of Glasgow, in which he says the dynamite policy can only have the effect of exasperating the English democracy. He declares that it would be far better to work and wait for another twenty years than to play into the hands of Ireland's enemies by giving rein to dispair and revenge.

LONDON, April 5.—There is great excitement in London over the discovery of a secret dynamite factory in Birmingham and the arrest of the proprietor, who is said to be an Irish American. Other arrests have also been made in London of men supposed to be in the league in the manufacture of explosives for the work of destruction in England.

A mine has been discovered in Moscow connecting with the Kremlin, where the coronation of the Czar is to take place.

The prefect of police in Copenhagen has ordered the socialist congress in session there to disband and the foreign members to leave the city.

The chief of police in St. Petersburg and others have been decorated by the Czar for their attentions to the Jeannette survivors.

LONDON, April 6.—The four men arrested in London on suspicion of being concerned in plots to blow up goverment buildings, were arraigned in Bow-Street Court yesterday, and remanded. Their examination revealed some important matters. 170 pounds of nitro-glycerine has been found in Whitehead's factory, in Birmingham.

At Ottawa, Canada, while Sergt. Hughes and police officer Codd were in the hallway of the eastern departmental building, at Ottawa, Ont., a bottle containing some explosive was thrown from above and burst with tremendous force. The men saw the bottle coming and succeeded in getting into shelter.

The German government is determined in its objections to American pork.

Famine is imminent in Hungary.

LONDON, April 8.—It the bill to amend the law in regard to explosives, which Sir William Harcourt will introduce in the House of Commons to-day, should not prove retrospective, many members will support an amendment to the bill making it retrospective in its provisions.

At a banquet by the Corporation of Civil Engineers, at Kensington, Saturday evening, Minister Lowell made a speech, in the course of which he said that no American believes that assassination is war, or that dynamite is the raw material of policy.

Arrangements for the trial of the alleged Phœnix Park murderers have been made, Joe Brady will be tried first.

One hundred and forty-five houses have been destroyed by fire at Vallorbes, Switzerland.

The Brussels police have discovered proofs of a plot against the Czar.

THE MARKETS.

BALTIMORE.

FLOUR—City Mills extra..	$4 00	@4 75
WHEAT—Southern Fultz...	1 14	@1 17
CORN—Southern white.....	64	@ 66
Do yellow.....	60	@ 61
RYE—Good.....	68	@ 70
OATS—Maryland.....	50	@ 53
COTTON—Middling.....	9	@ 10½
Good ordinary.....	8¼	@ 8⅝
HAY—Md. and Pa. Timot'y	17 00	@ 19 00
STRAW—Wheat.....	8 00	@ 10 00
BUTTER—Western prime..	19	@ 21
West Virginia.....	15	@ 17
CHEESE—New York State choice.....	14½	@ 15
Western prime.....	13	@ 14
EGGS.....	17	@ 18
CATTLE.....	5 00	@ 6 12
SWINE.....	9	@ 11
SHEEP AND LAMBS.....	4½	@ 7½
TOBACCO LEAF—Inferior.	1 50	@ 2 00
Good common.....	3 00	@ 4 50
Middling.....	6 00	@ 8 00
Good to fine red.....	8 50	@ 10 00
Fancy.....	1000	@ 14 00

NEW YORK.

COTTON—Middling upland	10	@10⅛
FLOUR—Southern com. to fair extra.....	4 10	@5 10
WHEAT—No. 1 white.....	1 23	@1 24
RYE—State.....	73	@ 74
CORN—Southern Yellow....	68	@ 68½
OATS—White State.....	51	@ 56
BUTTER—State.....	20	@ 24
CHEESE—State.....	14	@ 15
EGGS.....	20	@ 28

PHILADELPHIA.

FLOUR—Penna. fancy.....	5 12	@6 18
WHEAT—Pa. and Southern red.....	1 17	@1 20
RYE—Pennsylvania.....	68	@ 69
CORN—Southern yellow....	63	@ 64
OATS.....	52	@ 53
BUTTER—State.....	25	@ 27
EGGS—State.....	18	@ 19

G. M. D.

A Medley, a Mystery, a Marvel and a Miracle.

THE STORY OF A DREAM.

Get money honestly if you can, but get money," was a foolish father's advice to his son. Get money, if you can honestly, makes but a slight alteration in the order of the words, but varies the sentiment considerably. There is no harm in making money. It answereth all things. Used rightly it is a power for good, and there is money enough in the world to form a lever by which the mass of humanity could be lifted, to a certain extent, out of its depths of sorrow and despair. Money we must have for money makes the mare go. Some can make money who have no faculty for saving. Would you save you must know how to deny those who would borrow and never repay, as well as those who beg simply because they are too lazy to work. There are men who never want to see you except to ask the favor of a loan. They will ask for just one word with you, and that one word is sure to be *money*. An impecunious fellow met a rich acquaintance, and not liking to ask directly for a loan, said, "Friend Smith, if you had ten dollars in your pocket, and I was to ask you for the loan of five, how many would remain in your pocket?" "Ten dollars, to be sure," replied the rich man, without a moment's hesitation. He had gumption, and knew too much to part with his money by any such rule of subtraction.

Oh, I see, said the impecunious man thus rebuffed. He was able to owe. He was one of the Micawber sort—always waiting for something to turn up. How like some people who are sick. They think to get well by letting disease take care of itself. But disseases do not heal themselves, and too late their victims full often find this out to their sorrow as death seizes upon them. Had they been wise in time they might have added many years to their lease of life. The cure was nigh them, as it is nigh to all who read this medley. These paragraphs tell the story, as a patient perusal will prove. Those who have keen insight and can read between the lines may solve the conundrum the sooner for it, but upon all, light will dawn ere they read the final word of our story.

Light will dawn, we said, and so it will, light of hope and help. Light is what a certain individual wanted. Mr. Jones we will call him. He was very sick. Consumption had fastened its fangs upon him. He had long neglected catarrh, and laughed at the idea of taking anything for it when advised to do so, and so went from bad to worse. His lungs became diseased, a hacking, churchyard cough racked him almost to pieces, and he was fast wasting away. A mere shadow of his former self, he scarcely slept at all a night, or slept only to dream horrible dreams. Talk of nightmare! A whole circus troupe, horses and all, seemed to make his bed the arena of their wild performances. In this case money did not make the mare go, for he spent a deal of money on doctors and physics and was nothing bettered. He ate little, and was fast going down to an untimely grave, leaving his wife a widow and his four bright children orphans, when, lo! on one eventful night he dreamed for once a bright and happy dream, which our next paragraph will relate.

Death, the black-visaged monster, had until then stared him in the face, but the dream brought him hope. He saw a bright, white-robed angel in his dream, who said, "I come to bring you good news. Here is your cure—sure, safe, harmless, prompt and reliable. Get well and seek to take health thereby to others. Behold the cure!" With these words the angel was gone, but ere the trail of light which followed him had vanished the dreamer saw glittering in the light three golden letters—G. M. D. "What can it mean?" he said to himself, as he awoke from his slumber. "I have had a Good Many Dreams before, but never such as this." Startled and surprised he aroused his wife and to her related his vision. Alas, she could not solve the problem. Remembering all the medical advice, and the physic, and the expense involved since her husband became sick, she expressed the hope that the letters were not intended to suggest that a Good Many Doctors must yet be consulted in addition to all that had been interviewed. He groaned in reply and remarked that if he had to consult any more there would have to be a Gold Mine Discovered in order to pay them.

Every day for a week he and his faithful spouse searched diligently for a key to the problem. In the dictionary, in such newspapers as they happened to have, in books, on placards on the walls—everywhere they sought—hoping to find a clew. Letters stand for words, and they hoped to light upon the words that should suggest the cure. They Grieved Many Days over their lack of good luck, as they said, and the Good Man Dreamed again and again, but saw no more angels. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick. "Oh, that the angel had Guided Me Definitely and Given More Directions," he exclaimed, again and again.

Nearly two weeks had elapsed since the night of the Great Mysterious Dream, when there came to the house a pamphlet. Tired with his exhausting office work, which he still pursued, determining if possible to die in the harness, Jones was about to throw the pamphlet in the fire when something prompted him to examine it. Surely, thought he, here can be nothing that will *Pierce* this Gloom Most Distressing, or Give Me, Disheartened, any relief. Poor man, he had worked letters over in his mind, and made so many combinations with them, that they occurred in almost every sentence he uttered. They entered even into his prayers. Heaven Grant Me Deliverance, he would say, nor let disease Grind Me Down, and so forth, *ad infinitum*, and a mile or two beyond.

Mentally tortured and suffering in every fiber of his body, what won er that he read page after page of the pamphlet. It was a work on diseases, and in the morbid state of his mind its contents seemed to suit him. It spoke of almost every disease that flesh is heir to, but oh, joy! as he read, a Glimpse Most Delightful of light stole in upon him. "Eureka! Eureka!" he cried. "Wife, I have it, I have it."

Everybody in the house heard him cry Eureka, and rushed to the room to hear what he had found. All expected to see some Great Miracle Done, and then came the explanation. Simple, of course, but why had he not thought of it before? Oh, what a revelation! Here was hope for him and for all consumptives. Here, hope for suffering friends and neighbors. That night he scarce could sleep, but when he did, he again saw a bright vision of golden letters, in fact, a Glittering Monogram Deciphered readily, and reading G. M. D.; and again P. P. P., and yet again F. P.; and one huge P, around which these others were entwined, and then W. D. M. A. All the letters blended, yet each was distinct. All he had seen in the book, all he again saw in his vision.

Dream Most Glorious. D. M. G.—G. M. D.—Again he rang the changes; backward, forward, every way. Gold Medal Deserved. M. G. D.—Misery's Great Deliverer,—till time would fail to tell them all. P. P. P. stood for Perfect Peace Promised for sufferers, and sweet release from Prostrating Purgatorial Pains. And again F. P. was Freedom Promised, and backward, P. F., it became Pain Flees. Now he could get well, and once well, he would be a missionary, a Glad Missionary Devoted to the work of telling others how they might get deliverance. He went through the list of diseases among those of his own acquaintance, from John Robinson, whose torpid liver gave him constant headache and severe bilious attacks, on through the list of those suffering from ulcers, coughs, weak and diseased lungs, to his friend, General B——, who was as near the grave as he. And for all these, as well as for himself, the Grave May Disappear from present vision, and each may be Given More Decades of life than they had hoped to have years. Against the milder cases he marked P. P. P. Against the serious cases he marked G. M. D., not the Grizzly Monster Death, which he so long had dreaded, but something—oh, so much better, as we shall presently see.

In a short while our hero was well, and went everywhere among his friends and neighbors, telling of his good fortune and showing the sick and the suffering how they might be healed. Some laughed and continued to suffer, refusing to be healed. More were wise, took his counsel and proved his vision of the night as he had done.

"A vision, less beguiling far,
Than waking dreams by daylight are."

Can anything be more delightful than health after sickness? To be a well man, to feel pure blood coursing through your veins, to know that lungs, liver, kidneys, and all the Grand Machinery, Does its duty perfectly in one's body; to carry health's ruddy mark on the cheeks. Ah, this is Good Most Decidedly. This was our hero's case, and thousands can tell the same story. The good angel has come to them. They have seen the letters Gleam Most Distinctly before their eyes, and Going Most Definitely to work in pursuing the instructions given, they have recovered that great blessing—Health. G. M. D. has been to them a channel of good, Good Mysteriously Done. and they have bid their sick friends do what all the sick should do, namely, put themselves in communication with the W. D. M. A., Which Done Most Assuredly will put them in the Way Desired Most Anxiously.

Alas, that human nature is so slow to believe—alas, that men and women are bowed down with the burden of complaints, of which they might be rid—consumption, bronchitis, dyspepsia, heart disease, kidney disease, malarial complaints, scrofulous diseases, skin diseases, tumors, ulcers, and many more. It would seem as though some ill deity had given every letter of the alphabet as many diseases as it could possibly desire, thus forming an alphabet of sorrow, suffering and woe. Happy they who the Great Measure Discerning, have escaped the clutches of sad diseases.

Looking back upon his past experience, Mr. Jones feels Grateful Most Decidedly, and continues telling the old story of his sickness, his vision, and his restoration to health: for all the sick are not well yet. But he has had the pleasure of seeing, as he says, Good Miraculously Done to hundreds upon his personal recommendation.

Dear reader, bear with us awhile if light has not yet dawned on your mind. The mystery will soon be revealed. If the key be not on your *right* hand it is at least on your *left*, in letters clear as daylight. A Good Many Delighted have discovered it and opened the portal to a long life and a useful one.

Initials of words that stand for all that is sorrowful and sad, letters, the self-same letters, are often initial of words that breathe of hope and benediction.

Search but awhile and you will find the boon, the blessing and the benefit. The mystery of the three P's, of the F. P., of the G. M. D., and of the W. D. M. A., Will Dawn Most Auspiciously upon you.

Columbus discovered America and won high honor and immortal fame, and they who have learned the secrets of the wonder before your eyes, good reader, Give Most Delightful testimonials of their gratitude.

Of all sad words of tongue and pen, the saddest are these—it might have been—so sayeth the poet. When we think of the myriads that might have been saved from untimely graves had they seen Mr. Jones' vision and sought his way to health, we feel sad. Yet we cannot but rejoice at the Great Many Delivered from death's door by G. M. D., and that Pain's Positive Persecution has been escaped again and again by P. P. P. Virtues unnumbered serve to make G. M. D. the Greatest Mercy Deigned by favoring providences for the relief of sufferers, and its discoverer feels P. P. P.—Perfectly Pardonable Pride in telling of the Growing Multitude Delivered from the Grasp Most Dreadful of Greedy Mournful Death.

Every sick person is interested in the theme before us, and every well person, too, for who does not know some one who is sick and needs, therefore, the good news of health that is Given Many Daily.

Reader, mystified reader, we will detain you no longer. Perhaps you have Guessed Most Deftly the hidden meaning. P. P. P., you know, stands for Pleasant Purgative Pellets, curing constipation, torpidity of the liver, headache and many other complaints. P. P., of course, is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, that has proved such a P. P., Prime Favorite and Precious Friend to ladies; safe, easy to take, working like a charm—curing the peculiar weaknesses incident to their sex. The letters W. D. M. A. stand for the World's Dispensary Medical Association, at Buffalo, N. Y., with its imposing structures, its army of medical men, specialists, all of them, and its president, Dr. R. V. Pierce (the large and central P of Mr. Jones' second vision), all at the service of the sick and suffering, everywhere; while G. M. D. is—well, read the initials of the paragraphs of this article and you will see that G. M. D. is Golden Medical Discovery, the boon of the diseased. This wonderful medicine cures all humors, from the worst scrofula to a common blotch, pimple or eruption. Erysipelas, salt-rheum, fever sores, scaly or rough skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood, are conquered by this powerful, purifying and invigorating medicine. Great eating ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influences. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing tetter, boils, carbuncles, scrofulous sores and swellings, goitre or thick neck, and enlarged glands. Consumption, which is scrofulous disease of the lungs, is promptly and positively arrested and cured by this sovereign and God-given remedy, if taken before the last stages are reached. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, consumptive night sweats, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. For indigestion, dyspepsia and torpid liver, or "biliousness," Golden Medical Discovery has no equal, as it effects perfect and radical cures.

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